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THE
BALLANYGAR BROGUE MAKER.

AN IRISH DRAMA,

IN FOUR ACTS.

✓
BY MICHAEL J. FLANAGAN,
OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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PRESS OF GEORGE P. HOUSTON, 105 LONGWORTH ST.
1885.



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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

OWEN MCGUIRE, an Irish brogue maker.

COLONEL ABRAHAM, the Landlord.

SIR JOHN BRAMBLE, a Young Lord.

EDWARD O'CONNOR, an old man, the Colonel's servant.

JOHN KINNEY, the Process Server.

JIM O'BRIEN, the Tinker.

JACK CLANCY, the Pig Jobber.

DENNIS REILEY.

TIM CALLAHAN.

JERRY FAHEY.

FIRST POLICEMAN, Sergeant.

SECOND POLICEMAN.

NELL McCULLEN, the Fortune Teller.

KATE DUGAN, Owen's Aunt.

WIDOW ROHOLEY, who keeps a Country Tavern.

MISS ANNIE GILLMORE, an heiress.

MAGGIE MALONE.

NELLIE SULLIVAN.

BRIDGET KENNEDY.

NANCY O'SHAUGHNESY.

COSTUMES.

OWEN MCGUIRE.—1st. Cordurory knee breeches, blue hose, low-cut shoes, vest, long double breast; white shirt with large collar, large black tie, blue apron, brown wig, smooth face.

2nd. Same as first except apron, blue double breasted Clawhammer coat with brass buttons, grey over-coat with cape, small round-top hat.

COLONEL.—English walking suit, black greyish side whiskers.

SIR JOHN.—Young lord, english dress suit, rather dudish.

O'CONNOR—Old man, grey hair, small grey side whiskers, long black pants, black Clawhammer vest, long; carries cane.

KINNEY.—Process Server. Full brown beard, black knee breeches, long black hose, short sack coat, soft hat.

O'BRIEN.—The Tinker. Red hair, (shabby) red throat whiskers, red complexion, long sack coat, long shabby pants and vest, old white stiff hat, carries pack on back marked "Marching Machinery," contains sheets of tin and soldering irons, umbrellas under arm.

JACK CLANCY.—The Pig Jobber. Large heavy man, greyish throat whiskers and hair. low plug hat, long sack coat, grey; long buff vest, brown knee breeches, with leggins over hose.

FIRST POLICEMAN, Sergeant.)	}	Uniform of Irish Policemen.
SECOND POLICEMAN.		

NELL.—Long cloak, with hood over head.

KATE DUGAN.—Old brown dress, long checked apron, white cap-frills on front, with black ribbon-band on it tied under chin, hair grey.

WIDOW.—White eap with red ribbon run around frill and tied under chin, brown dress, long checked apron.

ANNIE.—1st. Travelling suit. 2nd. Silk dress, with train.

DENNIS.	}	Irish Peasant Dress.
CALLAHAN.		
JERRY.		
MAGGIE.		
NELLIE.		
BRIDGET.		
NANCY.		

THE
BALLANYGAR BROGUE MAKER.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Interior of an Irish home—Cupboard, dishes, &c.,—chairs—table—Teapot near fire-place, a pot hanging on the crane in fire-place, Spinning-wheel—Kate sitting at wheel taking a pinch of snuff—Owen sitting on work bench sewing brogues, and singing an Irish Melody as curtain raises.

Kate. Owen darlin', that's a beautiful song, it makes my poor old heart rise. But faix, Owen, how can we pay that ten pound rint? I'm afraid that we will be put out acushlin meeria.

Owen. Well, Aunt, sure an' we have three nice Pigs, an' faix the Good man will help us to pay the rint, an' I will kape on mendin' Brogues; faix, dear Aunt, I never let meself get discouraged, an' the Colonel may not be so hard on us; but faix, he is a surly ould customer at times.

Dennis. (*knocks at door and enters*) Good evenin' to ye's.

Owen. Good evenin', Dennis, I hope yer well.

Dennis. Owen, have ye those Brogues done yet?

Owen. Mussa, faix, I'm just workin' upon thim now.

Dennis. Don't disappoint me, now, Owen, because I must have thim brogues to-night, for it is halloween night, and sure and faith we must have some fun.

Owen. All right, Dennis; sit down Dennis aviquo, and you shall have the brogues to-night.

Kate. Sure Dennis agrawgel I'm awful down-hearted, because the Colonel is getting divilish exactin' with us, an' sure I'm afraid that he will put us out of our little home.

Dennis. Ah! niver mind auvorneen, you will be all right some day.

Owen. Ah! niver moind botherin' your head with that

Aunt of mine, agrawgel, because sure she's always borrowin' trouble. It's time enough, faix, to bid the divil good mornin' when you mate him.

Kate. Yerra wussha, yes Dennis, but sure you know that kind of talk won't do the Colonel when he comes here.

Owen. Well, Aunt Kate, sure-en-faix we can't die all together; we'll live as long as we can, and if he don't give us toime to get that little bit of money, I shall quit mendin' brogues, and I tell you, faix, I will become desperate.

Kate. What do you mane to be talkin' to me loike that?

Owen. I mean that they must not crush me in the dirt, or by all that's good and bad (*rises*) Owen McGuire won't be no small peraties to deal with. But never moind talkin' now, Aunt Kate, sure, but get us a bite of supper, and may-be Dennis will take a bite with us.

Dennis. Never moind, faix, I must be lavin' ye's.

Kate. Yerra sit down with us man, and have a bite or two.

Dennis. No, I must be goin' home, becace my supper will be waitin' for me.

Owen. All right Dennis (*tying up the brogues.*)

Dennis. Good-bye to ye's all, but don't forget Owen, to come to the widow Roholey's Sheebine house at the Cross road to-night, becace, faix, we will have a Snap-apple and all kinds of jokes. Be sure and come, Owen, agrawgil. (*Owen winks and points to Kate*) I want you to shake your foot to-night (*Exit.*)

Kate. (*setting table*) Owen, dear boy, I don't like to have you lave the house to-night, becace I have been having terrible dreams, an' you would have to cross Gabbit's Glinn, becace you always makes a short cut home that way.

Owen. Yerra wussha, Aunt Kate, sure there ain't a man in the whole Parish would bother poor old McGuire, becace he never does wrong to anybody.

(*Knock at door. Kate opens door. Enter Colonel and process server.*)

Colonel. Owen McGuire, I want you to leave this house within two weeks from to-day.

Owen. What! do you mane to put me and my poor aunt out of our home?

Colonel. Yes, within two weeks you must leave this place.

Owen. Begar, you are gettin' divilish kind, but Owen McGuire won't get out as easy as you think he will.

Colonel. (To process server.) Give him that notice.

Process Server. (about to read paper when Owen steps to cupboard and gets a short gun or blunderbuss.)

Owen. Hold on, me good man, put your paper in your pocket, an' if ye's don't lave this house, the both of ye in a jiffy, I'll blow yer brains out. Get outside the trachil of me door.

Colonel. You shall suffer for this insult. Owen McGuire, I shall have you put in irons, if you don't come to-morrow and beg my pardon.

Owen. Leave, now, or I'll make you beg my pardon (*Exit Colonel and Process Server*). Kate, let us be looking to see which way they go. (*Exit Owen and Kate*.)

ACT I. SCENE 2.

Wood Scene. (*Dennis enters from R; Nell from L.*)

Dennis. Ah, Nell, where are you going?

Nell. Oh! I'm only going as far as the cross-road to the widow Roholey's.

Dennis. I suppose you'll be there to-night, Nell, becace faix, all the boys and girls will be there, and I think we'll have good time.

Nell. Faix an' I'll be there, don't ye's forget it. Ah, here comes the Colonel down the road and another man with him. I wonder what they'r up to?

Dennis. Oh! Sure an' its nothing good, Nell, becace that Colonel is a bad customer anyhow—Well, good day to ye, Nell. (*Exit R.*) (*Nell hides behind a tree.*)

(*Enter Colonel and Process Server.*)

Colonel. John, I must get that fellow out of that place.

P. S. Well, Colonel, I would let him alone until the two weeks are up.

Col. Never mind, then, John, I have a job for you to-night, which requires nerve, and firm determination, you will also need an assistant in whom you can place the greatest confidence. Can I depend upon you?

P. S. You can depend upon me, Colonel. I will also have a man in whom you can depend.

Col. Good, then, come to Ballanygar to-night, and we will talk the matter over. Be sure, John, that your man can keep a secret, and there is a hundred pounds each for you.

P. S. Is it a very dangerous job, Colonel?

Col. Well, John, I'll tell you that you must not be cowardly about it. The job must be done to-night. And I shall depend upon you to do it. So don't fail to come to Ballanygar to-night.

P. S. (Aside) Ah! I'm afraid that it's some terrible deed that he wants me to do.

Col. Promise me faithfully, John, that you will do the job for me, and remember there is a hundred pounds each for you

P. S. Well, by jingo, here goes (*shaking the Col's hand*). It's a bargain, Colonel, but you must stand by me if I get in trouble.

Col. All right. I will stand by you till the last. Now don't fail to come to Ballanygar to-night. (*Exit R. & L.*)

Nell. (Enters from behind tree, cautiously) I wish that I had been closer to them so I could hear what they were sayin'; but never moind, the time will come when Colonel Abraham will know who Old Nell the fortune teller, as they call me, is, and then I will have my rights, Ah! who comes here? Another traveler I suppose.

O'Connor. (Enter R. with grip sack.) Good evenin' Ma'm, would you please show me the way to Ballanygar?

Nell. Indade an I can, Sir; do you see that cross road beyond? Its just a mile and a half from there to Ballanygar.

O'Connor. I'm glad of it, for indeed, ma'm, I've came a long journey, and I am very tired.

Nell. Did you come far, Sir?

O'Connor. Well, my good woman, I came from Carey, to get employment at a man's residence in Ballanygar; his name is Abraham. He wants a man to do odd jobs about his house.

Nell. Faith, an' I'll tell you, my good man, you're goin to sarve a cross old master.

O'Connor. Do you tell me so?

Nell. Yes indeed, Sir, I tell you he has no heart. He has put many poor families out in the cold.

O'Connor. Tell me, my good woman, is there any other man by the name of Abraham around this part of the country?

Nell. I don't think there is.

O'Connor. How long has this Colonel lived in Ballanygar?

Nell. He has lived here, Sir, for a good many years.

O'Connor. What is your name, my good woman? If it's no harm to ask you.

Nell. Not a bit sir, they call me Nell the fortune teller, but my real name, I have not revealed to anyone. I am huntin' people who have wronged me, and deprived me of my happiness. This is why I take the name of Nell McCullen, the fortune teller, and some day the just Man will give me my rights.

O'Connor. You speak my good woman as if there was some mystery in your life.

Nell. Well indade, Sir, I've had my share.

O'Connor. Well, my good woman, will you trust me with your secret. I may be of service to you some day.

Nell. Do you mane what you say, my good man? Can I trust you with my secret?

O'Connor. Yes, my poor woman.

Nell. (*Kneeling—pointing upward*) Do you promise me by all that is above?

O'Connor. Yes.

Nell. I am the wife of Captain McGuire who was lost on the ship "Star of the West." This Colonel Abraham was a mate under my husband. He has got all of my husbands papers I think, and I am penniless, but Oh! if the dead could speak—Colonel Abraham's villany would soon come to light. That is why, my good man, that I am going under the name of "Nell McCullen, the fortune teller," thinking that I may some day get possession of my husbands papers.

O'Connor. They are very valuable papers, my good woman. You are on the same business that I am. Twenty years ago I was a coast-guard in the county of Carey. I discovered a lost ship at the heads of Carey and picked up a man, he told me that he had been on board that ship and that they were bound for Calcutta and he thought that all the rest had perished. I took him to my home and gave him dry clothes, and after he had recovered, he took a package of papers from the inside pocket of his wet jacket. He opened the package before the fire-place and began to dry them, and asked me if I could read writing. Thinking there was something mysterious in his question, I said, "No." He told me that they were papers belonging to the Captain, and he had been the last one from the Cabin, and when he returned, the vessel was almost down, there was not a man to be seen on the deck, and he got on to a piece of a Spar, and was floating on it when I picked him up.

He told me his name was Abraham, and that he was a mate.

Nell. (kneeling before O'Connor) Thank God! Thank God! My good man, that I have met you this evening. That Captain was my husband, and the scoundrel who has my property is Colonel Abraham—my blessin' on ye a thousand times, sir, for this information; tell me again, sir, what is your name?

O'Connor. My name is Edward O'Connor.

Nell. (fainting, and is caught by O'Connor—then recovers) Oh! Sir, I have a son who is livin' with my sister, a widow woman, an' they suppose me dead. I speak to him an' he does not know me.

O'Connor. Well, my good woman, I shall go to Ballanygar Mansion, and if Colonel Abraham is the man who has your papers, I promise you that I shall secure them for you, so good-bye, my good woman, until I see you again, and may God bless you.

Nell. Oh! thanks to you Sir; but keep my secret.

O'Connor. Yes I will, and I will get those papers if it costs me my life. *(Exit R. & L.)*

O'Brien. (Enter R—Pack on back marked “marching machinery” old umbrellas under his arm, enters awkwardly—whistling) I've been travlin' all day to see if I could'nt buy a Donkey, faix an' I dunno if there is any in this part of the country or not. Sure an' faix I'll try a while longer onnyhow, but they are a set of devilish droll people around here. They look at a tinker as if he was a thief, but niver moind, that's my line of business, to travel the country over and buy a donkey, an' snap him when I can make a few shillins in the bargain. Well, sure an' I must be on the road. *(Exit L.)*

ACT. II. SCENE 1.

(The Colonel's Library.)

Colonel.—Sitting at table reading—Hat and cane on table—

O'Connor.—(Knocks at door—)

Colonel.—(Opens door.)

O'Connor.—(Out side) Good evening, your honor *(taking off hat)*. I've been informed that you want an old man as a servant who has no family. I have called, sir, for the purpose of securing the place.

Colonel.—Walk in, Sir. Take a seat.

O'Connor.—(*Enters*) Thank you. (*Takes seat near table.*)

Colonel.—(*Seated*) Do you reside in this vicinity?

O'Connor.—No Sir, I live in the city of Cork.

Colonel.—What has been your occupation? Have you ever been a servant?

O'Connor.—Well, no, your honor, I have not. I have been a sailor in my younger days, but I shall do my best to serve you, Sir, if you will employ me.

Colonel.—Well, my good man, I shall give you a trial, as you are an old man with no family. Step into this room please. (*leads O'Connor into room and closes the door after him, then returns to chair and sits in a deep study.*) Well, my goodness, that old man takes my mind back to when I was a mate on "The Star of the West." (*Studies*) Well, I am wealthy enough now, and its no matter how I got it. I could not give up those papers and live as a poor man. It will never be revealed, the dead never speak, and that five thonsand pounds that I have of Annie Gillmore's I shall have also. I am her guardian and not one can take it from me. I have it in my possession and it must be mine! She is coming home to-night and she must be disposed of. This is halloween night and the glen is clear. She has to cross the bridge. That is where they must finish her. It must be done to-night— (*Knock at door—Colonel opens.*)

P. S. (*John Kinney*) } *Enter hats in hand.*

O'Brien. (*Tinker*) }

P. S. Well, Colonel, I have come to talk with you in regard to the job you wanted me to do to-night.

Colonel. (*Looking at Tinker in astonishment.*) John, who is this man that you have with you?

P. S. This is Jim O'Brien, Colonel.

Col. Have you known him long?

P. S. No, Colonel, I have just met him on the way to Ballanygar this evenin' and he told me his name was Jim O'Brien.

Col. (*To Tinker*) Well, Sir, where did you come from?

O'Brien. Where do I live at, do you mane, Sir?

Col. Yes Sir, that is what I mean.

O'Brien. Well, faix an' I came from Sleighgo.

Col. Well Sir, what is your occupation?

O'Brien. What do I do for a livin'. Is that what ye mane?

Col. Yes, Sir.

O'Brien. Sure an' I'm what they call a tinker. (*Shrugging shoulders.*)

Col. John, do you think we can depend on this man?

P. S. Yes, Colonel, I am satisfied that we can depend on him.

Col. (To O'Brien) Well, my good man, would you like to make one hundred pounds to-night?

O'Brien. Yerra, Sir, are ye jokin' wud me; sure that's more mony than I'd ever make in my loif.

Col. Well, Sir, you can make that amount to-night, if you will promise me that you will do as I desire, and keep it a secret.

O'Brien. Mussa faith, Sir, I'd do anything for that much money—be whatever it is.

Col. But you must never mention it to a living being.

O'Brien. You can depend on me, Sir.

P. S. I am satisfied that he is all right, Colonel.

Col. Very well, John, you and this man will do that little job to-night.

P. S. All right, Sir, please tell us what is to be done.

Col. Well, Sir, to-night at 11 o'clock Miss Annie Gillmore with her intended husband, Sir John Bramble, will arrive here from Dublin. I am her guardian, and I have in my possession some valuable papers belonging to this lady who is now an orphan. John, she must be put out of the way to-night. What say you now?

P. S. (In astonishment) Is it murder the young lady you want us to do, Colonel?

Col. You understand me, John, she must be put out of the way to-night. Her and Sir John Bramble will have to walk to Ballanygar to-night, and that is the time to do your work. Seize her as they cross the bridge, and frighten Sir John away—remember do not harm him. But bind the girl hand and foot and throw her over the bridge. Don't be cowardly, John. I will protect you to the last, and you know one word from me would clear you, if you got in trouble, and you will get your hundred pounds each to-morrow morning. Be on the bridge at twelve o'clock; it will take them until that time to reach the bridge, and be very careful that she does not raise the alarm.

P. S. All right, Colonel, we will be on our way now. Come ahead, Jim. (*Exit John and Jim R.*)

Col. (*Takes seat looking at papers*) They will finish her to-night, then I will be owner of her fortune. (*rising*) Surely no one will suspect me of foul play. Well, I believe I will go out and get a little fresh air, as I fell rather nervous to-night. (*Exit D. C. with hat and cane.*)

O'Connor. (*Enter from room—Servant's costume—looks cautiously about—sees key in book case drawer—opens it quickly—speaking low*). He is the man that I found on the Spar. He has those papers and I hope I can find them—now is my only chance. Ah, here they are (*taking papers from desk*). I have them now (*puts in his pocket*). I will make that poor old woman happy now. And I know she will make me happy by giving me enough to keep me in my old days. (*Exit.*)

ACT II. SCENE 2.

(*Scene—Moonlight—bridge—road—woods—near beautiful glen.*)

Owen. (*Enter R. on Bridge singing*) Faix an' I hope that all the boys an' girls will be at the widow's to-night. An' sure if Maggie Malone is there I will have Tim Callahan crazy mad. Becase, faix, he's divilish fond of her, an' I'll plague the divil out of him, becane Maggie is always after me. Sorrow one of me cares about ony of the girls in the whole parish. She'd better marry Jack Clancy's Son, the pig jobber, than to bother her head about poor Owen, "the brogue maker." Faix, my heart is heavy an' sad to think of the way the Colonel has treated us. Well, faix, I'll be off to the widow's an' see what's goin' on. The night is fine an' it's bright moonlight, an' sure this is hallow-eve night an' they say that after twelve o'clock the little man will be seen who they call the Laragathon. Faix, I'll watch for him to-night on my way home an' I'll make him give me a purse, which they say he always has a shillin' in. Though he is a fairy I'm towld, I'm not afraid of the fairies, so I shall make my way across the glenn. (*Exit L. singing.*)

ACT II. SCENE 3.

Scene. (*The Widow Roholey's Shebine House on the roadside—Door and window in front—Water barrel at corner of house—Bench under window—Bottles on shelf in window.*)

Sign over door "The Widow Roholey's Shebine House."
 "Good whiskey for the hapence." (*Widow at door.*)

Dennis Reily. (*Enter advance to widow.*) Good evenin' Mrs. Roholey.

Widow. Well, good evenin'. I see, Dennis, you have new brogues on.

Dennis. Faix, I have, an they were screechin' like the very devil cumin' down the road; I just put them on this evenin'. I got them at Owen McGuires, an' poor Owen an' his Aunt Kate was in great trouble.

Widow. What was the trouble, Dennis?

Dennis. Some little bill that they could'nt pay, an' old Kate said that she was afraid that Colonel Abraham would put them out of their little home.

Widow. That Colonel is a terrible man; but tell me, Dennis, is Owen comin' here to-night?

Dennis. Sure an' I towld him to come.

Widow. Did he say he'd come?

Dennis. Faix, I know he will, but he did'nt say.

(*Enter Maggie Malone, Nellie Sullivan and Jack Clancy, the Pig jobber, a widower.*)

Widow. How do you do, Mr. Clancy. Have you come to the Snap-apple?

Clancy. Mussa, faith, I have Ma'am. An' how do you do, Maggie and Nellie?

Maggie. } We are well, thank ye.

Nellie. }

Widow. Come in the house an' let us prepare to have a bit of fun. (*all enter.*) (*Enter R. and go in the house, Tim Callahan, Jerry Fahey, Bridget Kennedy, Nance O'Shaughnesy and Nell Mc. Cullen—Enter house and close door.*)

ACT II. SCENE 4.

(*Interior of Widow Roholey's house—Fire place—burning candle on mantle piece—counter and shelves with bottles and packages—barrel at end of counter, jug on end of shelf—water and glasses on counter—Chairs and tables—Suspended about 4½ ft. from the floor by a cord attached to ceiling are two cross sticks, ends of sticks pointed—apples stuck on two, burning candles on other two—one of the party whirls snap-apple, others stand with hands on their backs and snap at the apples with their mouths.*)

Widow.—Come, Nell, let us get the things ready for the young folks. (*Moves table to one side—Sets chairs around the room.*) Boys and Girls, now let ye be seated, an' make yourselves as happy as can (*all seated*). Here is all the young folks, Mr. Clancy; it makes me think of when I was young.

Clancy. Sure, Mrs. Roholey, you aint old yet by any means, faith, you're a fine lookin' woman yet, you look as fine as the young folks.

Widow. Do you think so?

Clancy. Indade, an' I do.

Widow. (*Shrugs shoulders and smiles.*)

Nell. (*Moves chair near fire place and sits.*) I hope that Owen will come here to-night.

Dennis. Faix an' so do I. Sure and he'll be here for I towld him to come.

Widow. Faix an' we would'nt have any fun if Owen did'nt come to-night. I wonder what's kapin him.

Maggie. I just hope that Owen will come.

Tim. (*getting up, jealous*) You're divilish uneasy about Owen!

Maggie. What is it to you, if I am, Tim Callahan?

Clancy. Sure, Mrs. Roholey, the boys and girls are havin' a pretty tough time. Look at the jealous eye of Tim Callahan, faix an' he don't need to be jealous of poor Owen. I think the girls don't trouble him a great dale.

Widow. Whist! I hear some one a comin'. (*Opens door*) Here comes Owen; I hear him comin' down the road a singin'.

Owen. (*enters door singing*) Faix, is ye's all here?

Widow. Yes, indade we are.

Clancy. (*jumping up and shaking hands with Owen.*) Faix, Owen, an' we thought you was'nt comin' at all to-night, to see us.

Owen. Sure an' faith I'm always on hand like a bad shillin'.

Dennis. I knowed ye'd come, Owen, and I'm all the toime thryin' to kape Maggie Malone sthille, she has me bothered to death thinkin' that ye was'nt comin'.

Tim. (*Throws one leg across the other and looks sour at Dennis.*)

Maggie. (*Taking her chair to other side of the room.*) I wish, Mr. Reiley, you would attend to your own business. (*all laugh.*)

Owen. Let us stir around an' have some fun. You're divilish drool. (*taking a candle from the mantel-piece*) Here, Dennis, we'll light the Snap-apple. (*lights candles.*)

Clancy Give all the boys and girls a dandy punch, Mrs. Roholey.

Widow. (*Fills glasses and passes the first to Owen.*)

Owen. Here's good luck to ye's all. (*Smiling.*)

Widow. Owen, my boy, ye must give us a song and a bit of a step to-night.

Dennis. (*whirls the Snap-apple, all gather around it, except the widow and Clancy, who sit in one corner alone.*)

Clancy. (*putting his arm around widow*) Faix, Mrs. Roholey, we may as well be sociable.

Dennis. Come, Mr. Clancy, an' have a Snap at the Apple.

Owen. Let Mr. Clancy alone; he has got a Snap Apple of his own, in the corner.

Nell. Faith, its nothing but match makin' in this house to-night.

Widow. Owen, you have not given us that song and step yet. (*blushing and glancing at Mr. Clancy.*)

All. (*laughing*) Yes, yes, Owen, a song and bit of a step

Owen. (*singing a song, and dances*) Well, Mrs. Roholey, I'll bid ye's good night, I must be up early in the mornin' an' I must be on my way home. Good-night Maggie, and all of ye's. (*Exit D, in C.*)

All. (*Bid each other good-night and exit.*)

ACT III. SCENE 1.

Scene. Road and Bridge, same as act 2, scene 2.

Owen. (*on road going toward bridge*) Faith I have had a divil of a good time, an' I think that will be a match between Mr. Clancy an' the widow. Now is the time I ought to mate the little man that has the purse. They say he is a fairy, an' faix, I will watch for him. Whist! I hear something. What's that? By Garre, there's something wrong I'll just step behind this tree and listen. (*goes behind tree.*)

(*Enter John Kinney the P. S., and the Tinker, O'Brien.*)

P. S. It is about time for them to be here.

O'Brien Is it? But faith, I'm gettin' chilly and a bit scared about this job.

P. S. What? You ain't gettin' cowardly already. There is no one in the glenn to-night, an' the Police Barracks is a half mile away.

O'Brien. Faith, I am not cowardly, but I'm divilish narvous. I guess I will take off this pack an' these old umbrellas an' conceal them some place, as I will not need to do any tinkerin' in this business; faith, I wish it was over. (*Conceals pack and umbrellas.*)

P. S. Oh! never moind, just think of the hundred pounds. Here they come, we must conceal ourselves some place here and prepare for the job. (*Both hide.*) (*Enter Sir John and Annie and cross bridge—Talking—The tinker seizes Annie—Process Server runs Sir John off.*)

Sir John. (*Running*) Oh! Oh! Oh dear! What does this mean? Murder! Murder!

P. S. Not a word out of you. (*drawing his pistol and pointing at Sir John.*) If you scream I'll blow you to atoms.

Annie. (*Screams and faints in the arms of O'Brien.*)

Owen. (*Running to the rescue*) Villain! What does this mane? Unhand that young lady at once.

Annie. (*Revives and screams*) Save me! Save me! (*faints in Owen's arms.*)

O'Brien. Oh! my goodness! (*runs away leaving his packs.*)

Owen. Oh my, aint she purty. I wish she could stay here always. Isn't she a darlin' creatur'. I wonder what it all manes.

P. S. (*Returns to see if O'Brien has done his part—thinks Owen is O'Brien.*)

Owen. (*Lays Annie down gently—points gun at P. S.*) Stand back, Sir. (*P. S. rushes on him, Owen pulls trigger—misses fire—drops gun and they clinch.—Owen throws P. S. over the bridge—water splashes up.*)

Annie. (*moves*) Oh!

Owen. (*Puts gun inside his coat and returns to Annie and takes her head on his arm and rubs her forehead.*)

Annie. (*Opening eyes—looking wildly*) Oh! Where am I, what has happened?

Owen. God be praised, ye are safe, Miss, and with a friend. I wonder why the young Lord don't come back to look for you?

Annie. You mean Sir John Bramble, my escort, who so cowardly ran away and left me in those rascal's hands?

Owen. Yes, Miss, but I thought Lords were never cowardly,

or ran away and left ladies to the mercy of highwaymen.

Annie. Ah! my kind rescuer, I thought so too, and this settles everything between Lord Bramble and myself. I could never marry a coward.

Owen. Musssha, faith, I glory in your spunk, Miss; sure and maybe he was your sweetheart, an' took care of himself before looking after you. A nice way for a gentleman to be doin'. Faith an' here he comes now.

(Enter L— Sir John Bramble and 1st Policeman.)

Sir John. This is one of the rascals. I demand his immediate arrest. *(Meaning Owen.)*

1st Policeman. All right, sir. You are my prisoner, sir. *(To Owen—Taking him to one side.)*

Sir John. Oh, my darling Annie, I am delighted to find you safe. I thought those horrid rascals had murdered you.

Annie. *(Crossing toward Owen.)* Lord Bramble, I am safe, but no thanks to you for it. You have had this poor man arrested, and he who was my preserver.

Sir John. Come, Miss Annie, the Colonel is waiting with the carriage to take us to his house *(walks off L reluctantly.)*

Annie. *(turns and speaks to Owen)* My rescuer, all will be well.

Owen. Thank ye, my Lady, may God bless ye.

1st Policeman. Come along, fellow, you must go to the barracks with me.

Owen. But I tell ye's I'm not guilty. I was comin' from the Widow Roholey's Snap-apple Party, when I saw two men talkin' an' actin' very suspiciously, so I thought I would hide behind this tree a bit an' see what they was up to. Pretty soon this young Lord and Lady came upon the bridge, when one of the men grabbed the lady, while the other run the young Lord off, an' I 'spose he'd been a runnin' yet if he had not run across ye's. This, Sir, was more than my pure Irish blood could stand, so I rushed to the rescue of the young lady and run the rascals away, an' saved the young lady's life.

1st Policeman. Well, I am ordered to arrest you, and I must do my duty.

Owen. Then I suppose I must go with ye to the barracks. *(Exit L with officer, leaving gun and coat on bridge.)*

ACT III. SCENE 2.

Scene. Country Police Station on left of street—bench under window—2nd officer sitting on it—Sign on the Station “Police Barracks of Ballanygar. (Enter 1st Policeman with Owen, L.)

2nd Policeman. (rises) What's up Sergeant, who have we here?

1st P. Owen McGuire, the Brogue Maker; there has been trouble in the glen and he is accused of it.

2nd P. I'm very sorry, Owen, my poor boy; come in here. *(Locks him up.)*

Nell. (Enters R.) Faith, Sergeant, I hear ye have poor Owen arrested, shure there ain't a more quiet boy in the Parish.

1st P. I am very sorry for him, but that Colonel is a hard man to deal with, and I am afraid it will go hard with him, for the Colonel is the young lady's guardian.

Nell. Faith, I would like to see the dear boy.

1st P. Let poor Nell in, she is harmless, *(lets her inside prison).* I will go down to the Inn and get a cigar, I will be back soon. *(Exit L.)*

2nd P. There must have been something terrible occurred, I wonder why the Sergeant did not tell me about it.

Nell. (Enters from prison followed by Owen who knocks officer down as Sargeant enters L.)

1st P. What's this mean?

Nell. (Takes a small gun from under her cloak and hands to Owen.) Owen, defend yourself.

Owen. (Pointing gun at officers) Stand back!

(Officers surprised, allow Owen and Nell to escape.)

1st P. How did you happen to let Owen escape?

2nd P. Sergeant, he rushed out after old Nell and knocked me down before I could realize that he was out.

1st P. Oh dear! this will cause us trouble and I fear we will both be discharged from the service. We must lock up the barracks and search for them at once.

(Both enter barracks get overcoats and lock door.)

1st P. Come, we must be lively. *(Exit omnes.)*

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

Scene, same as act 3rd, scene 1st. (Nell and Owen appear on bridge).

Owen. Where did you get my gun? My coat must be here

some place. Ah! here it is (*picks up and puts on, then picks up gun, looking at it*). Faix, Nell, sure, an' that gun was'nt fired off for the last twenty years, but it would'nt do to tell everybody that, (*smiles and winks*) but if she ever barks, you could hear her a hundred mile, or less. (*Puts gun inside of coat.*) Hello, what's this? (*picks up budget and old umbrellas.*) Faith, an' this is the tinker's budget. I wonder what it all manes?

Nell. What brought it here? an' faix, Owen, tell me what ye was arrested for.

Owen. Nell, I was on me way home from the widows, when I heard two men talkin'. I thought they were up to something and I hid here, an' one told the other that they would get one hundred pounds for the job, an' I heard them say, "faith, we'll finish her."

1st and 2nd Policemen (*rush upon Owen.*) Yes! Yes! We'll finish you, if you try that game again. Now come along here. (*pulling Owen off L. handcuffed, Nell following.*)

ACT VI. SCENE 2.

Scene. (*The Colonel's Library, O'Connor dusting furniture.*)

O'Connor. I wonder what this all means. It is a strange affair, here he is talking of putting some young lady out of the way, and then goes after her with the carriage. (*Noise of carriage outside*). Ah! here they come. (*opens door, enter Colonel, Sir John and Annie.*)

Colonel. Step this way, Sir John. Come, come, Annie, these tears are of no avail, we are home now. (*Annie takes Colonel's arm and all advance R.*) O'Connor, you may give Miss Annie a chair, and then leave us; I will ring for you when needed. (*O'Connor exit bowing*) Sir John, be seated. (*Sir John and Colonel take seats at table*) Sir John, I am deeply grieved that you should meet with such bad luck on your first visit to Ballanygar Mansion.

Sir John. I am very sorry, too, and those rascals handled Miss Annie very rough, and nearly frightened the life out of me.

Colonel. Yes, yes, and those villains shall pay dearly for this nights work. I wonder who they are, and what their object could have been?

Sir John. The officer called one of them Owen.

Colonel. Owen? And have you got him arrested? (*rubbing*

his hands for joy) It must be that rascal Owen McGuire. I will make him suffer for it, and put the Sergeant after the others as soon as possible.

Annie. Oh! No! No! Owen McGuire is innocent. He is a brave, honest man, and saved my life, while you, Sir John, ran like the coward that you are! (*bosom heaves and eyes flash in rage*).

Colonel. (*rises, stamps foot on floor in rage*) Miss Annie, what do you mean by taking the part of a scoundrel like Owen McGuire the brogue maker?

Annie. (*in a rage*) T'is false, Col. Abraham! Owen McGuire is no scoundrel. He was my rescuer, and saved my life. (*leaving room angrily*) Poor Owen, I will stand by you in your trouble, even with my life. (*Exit*).

Colonel. Sir John, I don't understand Annie's motive in shielding that Owen McGuire. What in the world is it?

Sir John. I cannot tell, Colonel, but she has turned against me since this fellow, McGuire, has appeared, and has done nothing but heap a tirade of abuse upon me since.

Colonel. Oh well! She will be all right in a little while, just let her have a little rest, for she is undoubtedly fatigued, and very nervous from her journey and the narrow escape she has just had. (*Rings for servant*) (*Enter O'Connor*) O'Connor, show Sir John to his room. Good-night, Sir John. (*Exit O'Connor and Sir John, bidding Colonel good-night.*)

Colonel. They have made a failure, what am I to do? I have it. I will be revenged on Owen McGuire, curse him! If he had not interfered, the job would have been completed, and I would have been in possession of her fortune. By jove! Sir John has had him arrested, and he is now in the police barracks. Ah! ha! Owen McGuire, I will crush you yet. (*Knock at door, Colonel opens it, enter O'Brien*).

O'Brien, Oh! Colonel, your honor, we came near being murdered. John Kinney scared the young gentleman off, and I caught the young lady, when a man jumped upon the bridge, and compelled me to let her go, drawing a gun from the inside of his coat, an' faith he would have killed me, if I had not run for my life, an' sure Colonel, an' he throwed John over the bridge.

Colonel. What! Is he killed?

O'Brien. Yes, he is dead.

Colonel. I shall make Owen suffer for this. (*Knock at door, opened by the Colonel, enter two policemen with Owen and Nell; Owen handcuffed.*)

1st Policeman. Colonel, here is Owen McGuire. I arrested him on the bridge, and locked him in the barracks, when Old Nell asked to see him, she was admitted, and I started off to get some account of what had happened. When Old Nell came out of the prison, Owen rushed out quickly after her, knocking the officer down, and Old Nell gave him a gun to defend himself with, and they both escaped to the bridge, where we recaptured them.

Nell. Oh, sir, please do not punish poor Owen; he was right, an' risked his life to save the young lady, your ward. If any one must suffer for this, let it be me.

Colonel. Away with you, old woman, and you, (*turning to officer*) take this scoundrel to prison at once.

Annie. (*rushing in, embracing Owen*) No! No! No! This shall not be, you shall not take him away. He is innocent. I swear it before heaven. (*pointing upward—Tinker sneaks out.*)

Sir John. (*enters*) Miss Annie, what does this mean? Take your hands away from that scoundrel, you should be ashamed of yourself; you, who is to be my bride.

Annie. Sir John, I will never marry you; I would rather die than marry a coward, who deserted me and left me in the hands of highwaymen, to be rescued by this brave heart. (*Kissing Owen.*)

Colonel. (*in anger*) Annie, come away from that scoundrel at once. (*to officer*) Take him to prison, where he belongs. Such actions, Miss Annie, upon your part, shall be answered for, and you shall apologize to Sir John, for this gross insult. (*1st and 2nd officers taking hold of Owen.*)

Annie. Stand back, Sir.

Colonel. Take him away! Take him away, I say! Do you hear?

O'Connor. (*enters hastily through door, which has been ajar*) Stop! I demand you, Sir. I have a word to say that may change matters a bit, I am thinkin'.

Colonel. O'Connor, not a word, sir; you are my servant.

O'Con. (*Opening his coat with one hand, showing a detective's badge, and drawing off his wig with the other hand.*) Yes, Colonel, and I

am your superior. (*Taking package of soiled papers from his pocket.*) Twenty years ago I was a coast-guard in the county of Carey. (*Looks at Colonel, who seems uneasy.*) There was a vessel bound for Calcutta, lost off the coast, near the heads of Carey, where I found a man floating on a yard arm. I picked him up and took him to my cabin, when he told me that he was first mate of "The Star of the West," which was commanded by Captain McGuire. They struck the heads about three o'clock in the morning, and went right down. All on board perished except this man. When he pulled this package of papers from his pocket, and asked me if I could read writing, I told him that I could not, but at the same time I noticed that they were addressed to Mrs. Capt. C. McGuire, also that they were official documents, which showed that I could read writing, in an emergency (*winking, and looking at Colonel*). And now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you, Mrs. Capt. C. McGuire, wife of the late Capt. McGuire; and to you, Madame, I return your long-lost rights and fortune (*hands Nell papers—taking another package of papers and handing to Annie*) and here is Miss Annie Gillmore's fortune, which I found in company with Mrs. Capt. McGuire's, which I return to you, my lady. (*Turning to officers*) I will ask the officers to release Owen McGuire, and I demand that the handcuffs be put on that man (*pointing to Colonel, who shrinks back with horror*). I demand it done immediately, and for this reason—I heard him hiring two rascals to kill Miss Annie.

Colonel. (in a rage) Liar!

O'Connor. Ah! Stand back, my gallant Colonel, I'm not done yet. As I was saying, I heard him hire two rascals to kill Miss Annie, and he was to give them one hundred pounds each. I understood it all. He was to kill Miss Annie, and get her fortune, he being her guardian. And my lady, you have Owen McGuire to thank for saving your precious life. (*officers takes cuffs from Owen, and places on the Colonel, with a struggle.*)

Nell. (throwing her arms about Owen's neck) Owen, my dear boy I am your long, lost mother, whom you have supposed to be dead.

Owen. Is it possible, mother? Mother. Is it really true, that I have found a mother?

Nell. Yes, my son, I am your mother, and a just man, God bless him, has brought us together, with dear father's fortune, an' he was a wealthy man, Owen. (*turning to O'Connor*) God bless you, good man, an' you shall be rewarded.

Owen. I am master of the Mansion of Ballanygar.

Nell. Yes.

Owen. (*To officers—laughing*) Take your prisoner to the jail. Colonel, how would ye's loike to beg my pardon, now? How does the shoe fit the other foot, now, Colonel?

Colonel. Curse you! (*starting for door with officers.*)

Owen. Stop! On one condition I release you, Colonel Abraham.

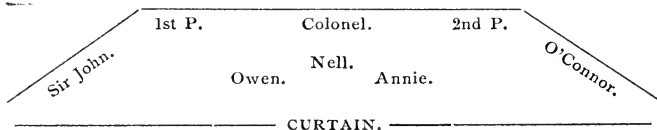
Colonel. Name it.

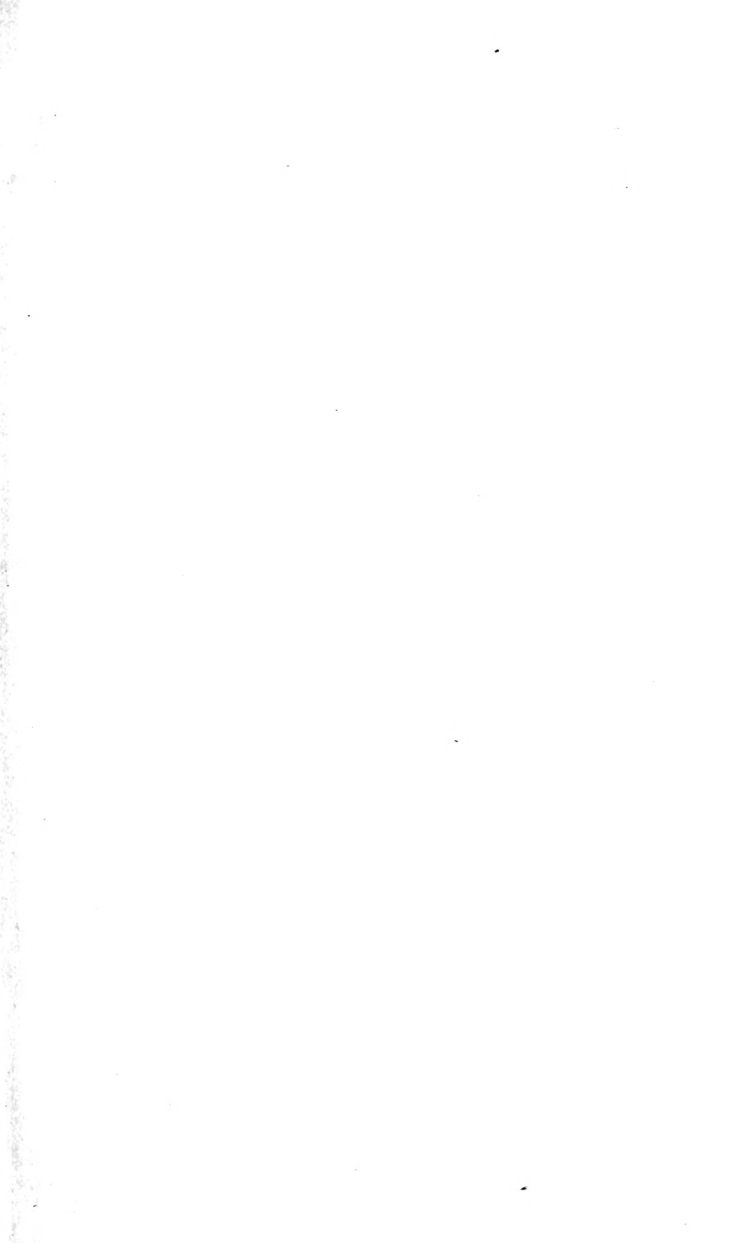
Owen. That you leave the country, never to return.

Colonel. I will abide by your decision.

Owen. (*Taking his mother and Annie by hands.*) Kind friends, I will bid farewell to ye and the Brogue Maker. (*To Annie*) With your permission, Miss Annie, we will start a new life in the mansion of Ballanygar.

Nell. May God bless ye, my dear children. God bless ye.





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